

ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

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SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and intelligent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of £20,000 a year, on condition that he becomes engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so, the money will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close childhood friends. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archibald choose one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archibald as a beautiful beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archibald. She gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attention from Leslie Freer. Four days of the previous time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent accuses him for his apparent fickleness. The last evening of the time allotted in which to become engaged arrives.

(CHAPTER IX.—Continued.)

The conclusion was obvious and we fell away from our point of vantage at the door and looked at each other with scared and troubled faces. Our attempts to make a match for Agatha Sixth and win Terhune a fortune were certainly going wrong with a vengeance.

But the worse was not yet. Before we had time to more than breathe a new complication presented itself in the shape of the sudden appearance of Agatha Sixth upon the scene.

We met her at the foot of the stairs just as we were going up, wrapped in black and with long black braids hanging over her shoulders. I felt myself grown quite cat-like in regard to seeing in the dark, and had perceived who she was and the vital necessity of keeping our discovery a secret from her, before my wife had time to more than gasp a greeting.

"Is that you, Agatha Lawrence?" she inquired.

"Yes. What is it?" whispered back Agatha Sixth, peering at us from the stairs, and by Jove, I felt so sorry for the poor girl if she should see what we had just seen that I rather lost my head.

"Dogs," I said, my voice quite hoarse with whispering, "one of 'em's got shut in the drawing-room some way, and he's knocked over a vase!"

"Did he also light the lamp?" demanded Miss Lawrence suspiciously as she came and stood beside us. And I cursed myself for a blunderer as she said it. Then Dearest had a go at the situation, and I felt that if this attempt failed we could do nothing more to save the girl from the certain misery she seemed so eager to bring upon herself.

"I lit the lamp, darling," she said, standing directly in front of the doors so that Agatha Sixth's view was cut off, "to see if there was much damage done. We forgot to turn it out, but Wilfred will do it now if you'll come along upstairs with me and not bother." But the girl was not to be turned from her purpose so easily. Some instinct seemed to tell her that what lay behind those closed doors concerned her nearly.

"Let me look—Dearest," she said, using my name for my wife for the first time, as she usually a cold little thing, and Dearest, as if convinced that it was for the best after all, stepped aside.

It didn't take long, the delivery of the blow, and Agatha Sixth took it like a martyr. One glimpse was enough. Then she turned and silently led the way to the stairs.

At the door of our guest's room which we passed before reaching our own suite, my wife stopped.

"Good night, Wilfred," she said. "Agatha, dear," to the girl, and taking her hand, "you must let me spend the rest of the night with you." And as I stumbled on to my own room I couldn't help thinking that if anything in the world could comfort her, if consolation was to be found, Agatha Sixth would find it in those dear arms.

PART THREE. CHAPTER X.

The following morning dawned upon the Castle Wyckoff home part clear and balmy and typically June. For all the world as if the day it heralded was not a critical one for one of its members, and an anxious one for two friends. Dearest and myself, who

had invited Terhune to the castle solely to further his interests and welfare. At least that was the way I felt about it. Dearest may have had some other object in view. I hadn't seen her since last night, by the way, and I own I felt alarmed for the success of our plans when I thought of the events of that evening and the shocking disclosure of Terhune's inconstancy, to the very one of all others from whom it should have been hidden.

"Poor old Arch!" I said to myself as I sat down at the breakfast table and began to read the paper until the others should join me. "I'm afraid he's gone and done it now! He's made a bully mess of it this time, as sure as eggs!" And yet even in spite of appearances, secretly I hoped, if Agatha Sixth were really as daffy about him as my wife had seemed to think—But the entrance of both the young persons my thoughts had just named interrupted my meditations and I rose as they seated themselves and with an amazing calm began a commonplace little chatter about unimportant things, just as if nothing had happened at all. Nor did the appearance of Agatha First and Terhune one after the other at all disturb their beautiful serenity.

Strange to say, Terhune gave no evidence of any inward disquiet or cause for alarm. He showed not the faintest symptoms of a guilty conscience, but laughed and chatted with his customary sociability. If it had not been for his persistent avoidance of conversation with Agatha First I should have been convinced in spite



"What Do You Want to Know For?"

of the evidence of my own eyes that he was not the traitor and double-dealer we had every reason to think him, but an upright and innocent gentleman deeply in love with Agatha Sixth and Agatha Sixth only, his straying toward Agatha First having been but a temporary swerving from the path of loyalty, born only of his conceit and thirst for flattery. I'm bound to concede, however, that he made no sort of headway with Miss Lawrence, who met his advances with unfailing courtesy. It is true, but a pillar of ice could scarcely have been more unyielding and the look on her little white pany face was rather pitifully hard. Dearest was only a little more cordial herself, and I pitied the poor old boy as I saw an expression that I could almost have sworn was hurt and bewildered growing upon his face.

But I didn't get a chance to observe them much longer than a first glance before I plunged myself into the duty of entertaining Agatha First, which naturally devolved upon me. The poor girl wasn't game for much conversation, though, I could see that. And by Jove, if Agatha Sixth looked badly, Agatha First looked worse. Never saw such a hopeless wretched looking young woman in my life. If it hadn't been for the presence of the footman, who was in the room, I be-

lieve she would have given way to tears at any moment. She certainly looked as if she'd cried all night as it was, and there was hardly a trace of her splendid color left.

Gad! If ever a girl had the appearance of having been run through a wringer, she had. I began to feel more sorry for her than I did for Agatha Sixth, even though her conduct had been more open to criticism.

After all, I soliloquized, the poor thing had as much right to be in love with Terhune as Agatha Sixth did, and perhaps it wasn't quite fair of Dearest to side so entirely with the latter. Of course it was true, as Dearest had explained to me often enough, that Agatha Sixth had cared for him months before Agatha First had even thought of such a thing, and I suppose had therefore a sort of first claim upon him. And of course the point that she should have seen how things went with him was increased in inheriting his aunt's property of course! What else?

"What else indeed?" retorted my wife scornfully. "If you don't know what else," emphasizing the word "know," "I can't waste any more time talking to you!" Then, as she caught my look of utter astonishment, "O, you mean! You mean!" she added, shaking her head at me. "You're all alike, after all! But I thought better of you, Wilfred!"

"Thought better of me? But what about?" I queried.

"Have you forgotten?" she asked me, without answering my question. "Have you forgotten last summer, not quite a year ago, when you and Mr. Terhune first came through the fields of Wyck and stayed at Castle Wyck with us all—my aunt Mrs. Armstrong and the six other Agathas?"

"Rather not!" I exclaimed. "But what's that got to do with the present case? What do you mean, dear?"

"Don't you remember," she persisted, still ignoring my question, her voice thrilling with tears, "how you yourself behaved at that time? Have you forgotten why it was that you wanted to marry me?"

"Because I loved you!" I burst out, as vehemently as if it were indeed that wonderful self-same moment when I first had asked her. "What else?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Grey" and "Gray."

What is the difference, if any, between "grey" and "gray," aside from the matter of spelling?

The editor of the Oxford Dictionary some years ago made extended inquiry as to usage, and found that opinions in London varied. Replies to his questions showed that in Great Britain in use, despite the authority of Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers, who give the preference to gray. Many correspondents said that they used the two forms with a difference of meaning, or application, the distinction most generally recognized being that gray denotes a more delicate or lighter tint than gray. Others considered the difference to be that gray is a warmer color, or that it has a mixture of red or brown. Another group held that gray has more of sentiment, gray more of color, which may mean that gray is a suggestion rather than a positive outline.

Saying Grace.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a Shakespeare—a devotional exercise—the "Faery Queen"?—Charles Lamb.

His Awful "Break."

The little god of bad breaks is ever seeking victims. He made a young man at a social gathering the other evening blush for a week. The young man had been introduced to a young woman. "Why, I know a lady by the same name in Kansas City," he remarked, "only she's a beautiful girl." The young woman froze him to the spot, and he was glad of an excuse to leave the gathering.

Wanted Further Information.

James Albery, the dramatist, was descending the steps of his club, when a stranger addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon, but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of X—Y?" Albery answered the question at once by another: "Stop a moment. What's the name of his other eye?"

Chance for American Capitalists.

Russian manufacturers invest \$50,000,000 annually in American cotton, and it is stated that should a Russo-American bank be established in St. Petersburg the cotton investment would reach \$100,000,000 annually.

Pretty Close.

"Heaven is so close to us," writes an enthusiastic philosopher, "that we can almost touch it with a ten-foot pole, and use the wings of the angels for fans in warm weather!"

cell them indirectly; and they must not be second-hand facts that he has learned from other writers. For it is easier to detect "cranking" in literature than in examination papers and when the reader detects it he loses interest. There is this fault in many of Zola's novels. He was thoroughly aware of the value of knowledge in a novelist; but he thought he could cram it. His books are full of facts, but they are often facts too easily come by and acquired for a particular purpose.

Conclusion that the peace kiss should be placed nearer the source of disturbance, and thus the wife came to receive the gift direct.

Woes of a Poet.

Years ago, when luck was hard, and he found the sailing rough, "twas bread and water for the bard, who said: "Well, this is tough!" And later, when his verselets sold at a rare auction he tried to stuff, but alas! the chicken served was old and again he said: "Well, this is tough!"

THE WILD YLANG-YLANG

ESSENCE HAS NO EQUAL FOR PURE AGGRESSIVENESS.

All Right in the Philippine Jungles, but Take It Away From There and It Is Found Im-possible.

"Did you ever come across the essence of ylang-ylang?" asked the man from the Philippines. "The real, unadulterated essence, not the perfume, I mean. Well, if you haven't, you've certainly got an experience ahead of you."

"I've never met anything to equal it for pure aggressiveness, a dinosaur on the warpath would be mild beside it. It's astonishing, too, what it can do as an essence, when it's even pleasant in its other forms."

"I can't think of anything lovelier than to get the breath of it straight from the groves. There are plenty of them in Malacca, a little way out from Manila; in fact, almost every native house in the place has a little private forest of them, and to slide down the river there, with the water full of stars and the palms and bamboo on the banks shimmering in the moonlight and the soft air in your face faintly fragrant with ylang-ylang—there couldn't be anything more perfect. It seems to belong with the songs that float out from the huts along the shore—wild songs without any beginning or end in a wailing woman's voice."

"But take it away from there, and it's impossible. No, I don't like it, and the perfume they make out of it, and that's turned down, of course; but as an essence it's monstrous."

"There's a factory in Manila where they distill it from the little green bunches of flowers the natives bring to by the basketful, and before I came away I pulled together enough courage to go out to it to buy some of the essence as a curiosity. Of course, I had to be carried away on a stretcher, and my health is still somewhat impaired; but I got away with a small bottle of the stuff."

"The other day I let a friend of mine, a woman with a taste for strong perfumes, smell it. To my surprise, she said she was delighted with it, and asked if she could have a drop for her handkerchief. As she was just leaving I gave it to her, and she went off sniffing at it with evident pleasure."

"The next morning she called me out of bed to the telephone to inform me that she was going to bring suit against me as accomplice to the brutal attack made against her by the ylang-ylang. It had been all right, she said, until she had, got home, and then it began to make itself obnoxious."

"It was worse than a brass band on her nerves. She had begun by putting it under her pillow, then under the mattress, then she tried burying it in the floor under the carpet; but it was too strong for her. There wasn't any place she could put it that it couldn't get out of."

"She hid it in her various cupboards and locked the doors, but it wasn't any use. The thing would slide out and knock her down every time. She says all the furniture and clothes in the room will have to be burned, that it's more expensive than a smallpox quarantine."

"Finally, when her strength was all used up, she crawled to the window and threw out the handkerchief with the drop on it; but the policeman had been to be on his beat about that time, and he made her take it in. He said they couldn't have that sort of thing on the streets."

"So the family got together and made a big fire, and they tried to burn it out. Did they get rid of it? Not yet; it went up in smoke, and now all the neighbors are threatening to stone them."

Open-Air Treatment.

Time was when doctors used to bleed weak and emaciated patients, and thus make them weaker and more emaciated. In those same "good old days" consumptives were kept in close, unventilated rooms and slowly put to death by misdirected kindness.

And in that same era schoolchildren who lacked muscle and strength and were less vigorous and healthy than their fellows were coddled at home, and in school were kept near the hot stoves and away from every draft of fresh air. They breathed the vitiated atmosphere of the ordinary school-room which had been breathed over and again by all the other scholars in the same room. Every avenue to good health was closed against them, and most of them died.

What a change has taken place in the past few years. Doctors rarely, if ever, bleed patients now. Consumptives are turned out of doors, away from heaters and stoves and registers, and puny school children are now taught in tents, in warm weather and in cold, with no fires to burn the oxygen out of the air and no other walls than those of thin canvas to protect them from drafts.

Her Description of Flying.

The Countess La Bragiere, sister of Count de Lesseps, who made the second cross-country flight in the Haleshorpe meet, has been up in the Haleshorpe several times, says the Baltimore News. This she did at the Belmont park meet, and would have done the same thing here had not the storm interfered with her plans as well as with the meet. She was compelled to leave Baltimore for her home in France without seeing her brother fly the Haleshorpe course.

"It's just lovely and foolish and wonderful, this flying," she said. "My brother never seems to mind me when I am up in the air with him. He looks after his biplane and I look after myself. There is no interference on my part."

"Oh, no, really I am not afraid when I am with him. But I don't think I could care to fly alone. I have no ambition to become a real, accredited aviator, even though I do like to go up in the air. I mean this expression literally, not as you Americans frequently use it."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

High Court Decides Rights of Jurors



WASHINGTON.—The Supreme court of the United States has decided a case which involved the proper treatment of jurors. Because jurors had been permitted to separate and to read newspapers during a trial the court was asked to set aside the verdict. The case was a conviction for murder at military barracks in the state of Washington, where the jury had been allowed to be present while counsel argued about the admission of alleged confessions as evidence. The Supreme court holds, in an opinion written by Justice Holmes, that the presence of the jury during the argument was not wrong, and that the members might rightly read newspapers and need not be kept together as a body.

The decision upsets the common practice of trial courts. In important cases, notably those for murder, jurors are kept under surveillance, almost as prisoners. In their selection their intelligence is questioned and knowledge of current events made ground for challenge. Then they are marched and from the court room after the fashion of a chain gang in custody of an officer, forbidden from converse with family and friends. In theory jurors are ministers of justice, a part of the court. They are chosen as honest men from the worthy citizens, and they serve not as suspects, but as honorable officials. They lose no privileges as members of the community when they are called to assist the judge by rendering a verdict. Experience shows the need of guarding jurors from tampering and sinister approach, but this must be done without sacrificing their liberty. That rural juror had much sense on his side when he asked: "If we can't read the papers and must be kept together 'incommunicado' why should not the judge be treated in the same way?"

The tribunal of final resort decides that jurors do not cease to be free citizens and do not leave their consciences at home when they enter the box. If they are fit for their duties at all they can be trusted to read papers and listen to lawyers and they need not be herded all the while in a mass while a case is on.

The Supreme court thus gives its influence in favor of proper privileges and courteous treatment to the picked men who are summoned to help hold steady the scales of justice.

Often jury service is irksome and it cannot be wise to add to its hardships beyond what is necessary. The system is a vital part of the defense of society and of property.

names. Olive oil labeled Lucra has been found by the pure-food inspectors coming from Greece and from Spain and from other places aside from Lucra itself.

The government is now taking up the question of requiring the numerous varieties of coffee imported into this country to be honestly labeled. A recent meeting of the pure-food board was held for the purpose of taking testimony regarding the labeling of Brazilian coffee. After hearing testimony from experts present showing that the practice has grown up of labeling coffee with the name of the port whence it is shipped regardless of the place of origin, Doctor Wiley stated that an effort would be made to reform this practice, which the importers admitted to be wrong, and that the matter would be properly taken up in due form with the government of Brazil through the state department, to the end that the Brazilian coffees, which form by far the greater part of the coffee used in the United States, should be sold under their proper designation.

Prominent importers from New York testified that Brazilian coffee had been shipped to Arabia in order that it might be reimported from Aden as clove coffee, and they said that the practice was still in force, although, as Dr. Wiley remarked, the dealers did not always go to the trouble of shipping coffee to Arabia for re-export before branding it as fine Arabian coffee.

The Bonding of Government Officials



Honest and what it is worth to insure their honesty are questions that will be answered on a scientific basis shortly. Experts in the service of the congress have passed much time recently attempting to reduce the answers to a few concrete figures. Their work is said to be drawing to a close. It will cost about \$10,000.

The question arose in reference to the bonding of governmental officials. About a year ago several officials appealed to congress to raise their salaries because the bonding companies had increased the cost of their bonds to such an extent it made their salaries look like withered autumn leaves. For instance, one man's predecessor played the races and his surety paid the fiddler, whose bill amounted to about \$10,000. The successor was compelled to pay about 15 per cent. of his salary in order to induce a surety or bonding company to run the risk of his following in the footsteps of the other man.

Chairman Tawney of the house committee on appropriations proposed to limit the amount to be paid for bonding government officials. That called down the wrath of the bonding companies. A hearing resulted. The government employees made more complaints about the increase in rates and the surety companies complained about the government officials being so stingy with statistics and other information concerning the departments.

The result was the appointment of a committee by the house and senate to investigate the subject. This committee hired a corps of experts to go over the field, figure out the percentage of faithless officials and the cost of insuring the government against loss.

self in the safest, sanest and most conservative manner. It has not been possible to find a flaw in his comportment or deportment since he found himself a diplomat without a country. He does not know whether he is "minister," "senior" or "viscount." Possibly he may be all three, as the pruning knife of the Republicans has not yet lopped off any of his titles.

Senhor de Alente has not resigned his post, for, as he has been perfectly acceptable to all parties concerned and as Portugal, republic or monarchy, wants a representative in the United States and has a very good man on the ground, thoroughly established and acquainted with the ins and outs, it would be right good diplomacy to leave him here.

The Portuguese minister has been constantly "but" whenever newspaper people have called upon him. In fact, the policy of lying low or sitting tight, just as you care to put it, is the diplomatic one which Senhor de Alente has found to best fit the situation.

Something of That Nature.

Miss Gusheligh—Didn't it seem to give you strange thoughts of the other world when you were up in the clouds, far removed from this mundane sphere?

Aeronaut—You bet it did, ma'am; I nearly froze to death!

A Sign of Weakness.

"The deacon likes to talk about his 'sinful clay,'" "So he does, but I notice he's very particular about the way his 'sinful clay' is dressed."

Making of a Great Novel

Many Things Other Than Powers of Description Enter Into Its Composition.

The commonest fault of novels is lack of knowledge and it is just because of this lack they fail in imagination. For imagination is encouraged and enriched by knowledge of all kinds, and thus for the want of it. Knowledge is, as it were, the soil in which the flower of imagination is

nourished; and the greater the writer the greater his passion for knowledge and the more use he can make of all that he knows. Scott is perhaps the most imaginative of all our novelists, and none of them has had a knowledge so vast and diverse. It is the same with Tolstol. His novels interest us so much, even when the story seems lost in them, because he is always telling us of what he knows.

He can interest us as in Levin mowing, because he has mowed himself, or in Andrew Bolkowsky fighting, because he has fought himself. If in these cases he were not writing out of his own experience, his narrative would be empty of detail and illusion.

And so it is with stories of poems of passion. They are dull if the writer can only tell us how he or some one else is very powerfully moved. He must, even in poetry, tell us facts about passion if we are to listen to what he says, though he may

cell them indirectly; and they must not be second-hand facts that he has learned from other writers. For it is easier to detect "cranking" in literature than in examination papers and when the reader detects it he loses interest. There is this fault in many of Zola's novels. He was thoroughly aware of the value of knowledge in a novelist; but he thought he could cram it. His books are full of facts, but they are often facts too easily come by and acquired for a particular purpose.

The custom of allowing the preacher to take a kiss along with his fee had a very different beginning. In early Catholic days, after the wedding refreshments had been served, the priest always came forward and gave the husband—think of it!—the kiss of peace, and that gentleman passed it on to his wife, while, at the same time, the priest's assistant kissed the best man, who passed it on to the other guests. No wonder the clergyman had an assistant! As time passed the preacher doubtless came to the

conclusion that the peace kiss should be placed nearer the source of disturbance, and thus the wife came to receive the gift direct.

Woes of a Poet.

Years ago, when luck was hard, and he found the sailing rough, "twas bread and water for the bard, who said: "Well, this is tough!" And later, when his verselets sold at a rare auction he tried to stuff, but alas! the chicken served was old and again he said: "Well, this is tough!"

Why Preacher Kisses Bride

Comes to the Conclusion That the Wife Should Receive the Gift Direct.

The nuptial kiss, with a meaning akin to that of the kiss of peace, had its origin in a most serious and practical church ceremony known as the Espousals. Among medieval people, as among some classes of Jews today, it was customary for the bridegroom and the bride to meet before wit-

nesses in the church some days or even weeks before the marriage and there make a pledge of future union, and at such times a ring was usually presented by the prospective husband. Sometimes, however, the man was too poor to buy the ornament, and, instead, presented a kiss, which was doubtless more pleasant, and was considered a binding pledge before man and God.